

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 5680 第六十八百六十五第

日十二月正年子丙緒光

HONGKONG, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1876.

一月

第四十月二英

港香

[PRICE \$2 PER MONTH.]

Arrivals.

February 12, KWANHUNG, Brit. str., 491.
Pitman, Foochow 9th February, Amoy
10th, and Swatow 11th, General—D.
LAFAIRE & Co.
February 13, HAILUOONG, British str., 277,
Abbott, Amoy 9th February, and Ta-
chiu Bay 10th, General—D. LAFAIRE
& Co.
February 12, LY-KE-MOON, Brit. str., 611,
G. E. STEVENS, Saigon 7th February, etc.
—LANDSTEIN & CO.
February 12, THINGVALA, Danish steamer,
1,577, Mounier, Saigon 6th February,
Rice—W.M. PUSTAF & CO.
February 12, PENGUIN, British str., 1,123,
W.S. Cowell, Saigon 7th Feb., Rice—
JARDINE, MATTHEWS & CO.
February 12, ALTONA, German str., 1,179,
A. Müller, Shanghai 9th February, Bal-
last—W.M. PUSTAF & CO.
February 13, LEE-YUEN, Chinese str., 734,
Tidal, Shanghai 9th February, Gen-
eral—C. M. S. N. CO.
February 13, RAJAH, British str., 359, W.
Hanson, Swatow 13th February, Gen-
eral—HOPKINS.

Clearances.

AT THE HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE,
FEBRUARY 12TH.
Argyll, str., for Singapore, Penang, and Cal-
cutta.
Hindostan, str., for Singapore, Penang, and Cal-
cutta.
Esmeralda, str., for Manila.
Yesso, str., for East Coast.

Departures.

February 12, W.H. BEESLEY, for Manila.
February 12, KILMARNOCK, for Cape St. James.
February 12, PEI HO, str., for Shanghai.
February 12, NORNA, str., for Swatow.
February 12, VOLGA, str., for Yokohama.
February 12, HONGKONG, for Calcutta.
February 12, EMERALDA, str., for Manila.
February 12, ARGYLE, str., for Singapore,
Penang, and Calcutta.
February 12, HYNDSTAN, str., for Singapore.
Penang, and Calcutta.
February 12, HASTINGS, for Newchwang.
February 12, BIANCA, PRETICA, for Bangkok.
February 12, PERNAMBUCO, str., for Saigon.
February 12, BRERER, for Kangon.
February 12, H.I.R.M. frigate ASCOLD, for
Black Sea.
February 12, H.I.R.M. corvette HARDYACK,
for Macao and Canton.
February 12, LEE-YUEN, str., for Canton.
February 12, YESSO, str., for East Coast.
February 12, HELENA, for Calioo.
February 12, NAVORTH CASTLE, for Kelung.

Passengers.

ARRIVED.
Per Kuanhong, str., from East Coast—
Messrs. D'Albret and Hach, and 20 Chinese.
Per Hindostan, str., from Amoy, &c.—
7 Chinese.
Per Thingvala, str., from Saigon—
9 Chinese.
Per Penghu, str., from Saigon—
2 Chinese.
Per Altona, str., from Shanghai—
2 seamen and 2 Chinese.
Per Esmeralda, str., from Shanghai—
2 Chinese.
Per Argyle, str., from Swatow—
5 Chinese.
DEPARTED.
Per Argyle, str., for Singapore, &c.—
Mr. and Mrs. Cowie, 3 European, deck, and
168 Chinese.
Per Hindostan, str., for Singapore, &c.—
The Rev. T. G. Salby, Messrs. N. Bla-
keman and M. S. Horwitz, 11 deck, and 200
Chinese.
Per Esmeralda, str., for Manila—
2 Cabin and 25 Chinese.
Per Yesso, str., for East Coast—
For Swatow—Mr. McGuffe, For Coast Porta.
50 Chinese.

Reports.

The Danish steamer *Thengsala* reports left
Saigon on 9th February, and had strong mon-
soon and a heavy sea at the first part of the
passage, and the latter part moderate and fine
weather.

The German steamship *Aldena* reports left
Shanghai on 9th February, and had fine wea-
ther throughout. The first part light S.W.
air, and the last two days moderate winds from
the N.E.

The British steamship *Pearl* reports left
Singapore on 7th February, and experienced very
strong N.E. monsoon and a high sea at the first
part of the passage; the latter part moderate and fine
weather to arrival.

The British steamship *Rejaf* reports left
Swatow on 11th Feb., and had calms and light
airs throughout. In Swatow was the steamship
Yeo of Pedro Branco.

The British steamship *Hoileong* reports left
Amoy on 9th Feb., and had first part strong N.E. winds and
cloudy weather; the last part lighter winds
moderate and fine weather. On the 11th, passed a
P. & O. steamer and one of Holt's line,
bound North.

The Chinese steamship *Liaoyen* reports left
Shanghai on 9th February, and had fine wea-
ther throughout. On the 11th, passed the Man-
gongzi Maritime steamship *Vela* and *Perla*,
and steamship *Norma*. Arrived in Hongkong
at 1 a.m. on the 13th instant.

The British steamship *Kunming* reports left
Foochow 9th February, and had strong mon-
soon and a heavy sea at the first part of the
passage, and the latter part moderate and fine
weather.

In Foochow, H.M.S. *Miles*, passed the steam-
ship *Douglas* in River Min, and the steamship
Yincheng in North Channel, both bound in.
In Amoy, the German frigate *Aranda* and str.
Formosa, in and str. Foochow and Foochow.

The British steamship *Lydia* reports left
Saigon on 7th February at noon, and had strong
monsoon and high head sea all the
passage. Passed the steamer *Meers* under
Braemar Castle. The steamer *Cawdor Castle* in
the river, bound up, at 1 p.m. Passed the
steamer *Perseus* in North Channel, bound South,
on Tuesday the 9th. At 10 a.m. on Wednesday, the 10th,
passed the steamer *Prion*, bound South. At
10 a.m. on Thursday, the 11th, passed a British
barque bound South.

Vessels that have arrived in Europe
from Ports in China, Japan and
Russia.

(Per last Month's Adviser.)

Vessel. From. Date of Arrival.
Loyola..... Manila..... Dec. 17
Agnewson (a).... China Ports.... Dec. 23
Hope..... Hobo..... Dec. 26
Nugles (a).... China Ports.... Dec. 23
Maggio Douglas.... China Ports.... Dec. 23
Norwest Court.... China Ports.... Dec. 23

Auction Sales To-day.

None.

To be Let.

A FIRST-CLASS GRANITE GODOWN
on the Pier, Wanchoi.
Apply to
S. E. BURROWS & SONS
of 438, Hongkong, 26th March, 1875.

THE Premises known as "THE WOOD-
LANDS" newly painted and in Good
Order.
Apply to
REMEDIOS & CO.
1131, Hongkong, 22nd January, 1875.

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THE Premises known as "THE WOOD-
LAND

Extracts.

SUNSET ON THE BEAR CAMP.

A quiet scene on the padding hem
Of hills the river runs.
As down its long green valleys falls
The last of summer's sun.
Along its lawn gravel bed
Broad-flowing, with and still,
A little streamlet winds,
The lury of the hill.
Notes like birds in its banks of green
From curve to curve it slips;
The droopy maple shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A wild frog Carroll's wildest hills,
Untested soul unknown;
The scene Iaged of its tans
And leaves of emerald green;
Yel flowers as fair as slopes above
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or under rainy Iris skies,
Spencer's Milla grew;
And through the grapevines festing trees
The cold against them sat,
The green against the rose.

Touched by the light that hath no name,

Not a sky and mountain wall

Are God's great pictures hung,

How changed the sunnus east and old!

No longer granite-trown,

That in its rock, the rock

The valley holds his breath; no leaf

Of all its clings is twid;

The silence of eternity

Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seal

Of mystery is this;

You make play of night and day

Makes dumb its witness.

What more all crowd the hill

Than such as start?

What eyes look through what wings fan

These purple reefs of air?

What presence from the heavenly heights

To those of earth stowm down?

What nuns dressed in gods

On His sunny crown?

Steal the vision of the sky,

The golden water pale;

And cover the tops of hills,

I go the common way of all;

The sunless fire will burn,

The flowers will blow, the fire flow,

When I more return;

No more fresh roses, no more pines

No longer steaming soil tell

The summer, tendering where I tread,

Or him who loved me well.

But beauty soon is never lost;

God's palms all east set;

The glory of this sweet heaven

Into my soul has passed—

A sense of gladness unconfined

To mortal date or clime;

As the soul liveth, it will live

Through the mystic spheres;

Beside the mystic spheres

Shall bloom the bone-bone flowers

And new horizons flush and glow

With sunsets hues of eve.

Farewell! their smiling hills must west

The soon twin frowns, and snow cold winds from off them shake

The maple's red leaves down,

But still the frosty boughs

Still setting broad and low;

The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,

The golden water flow.

A lover's chain is mine on all;

I go to have and hold;

The rose-light of perennial hills,

And sweet music never cool.

John G. Whittier in the Atlantic Monthly

VISIT TO A CHINESE THEATRE.

Turning from Kearny into Jackson-street, San Francisco, I found myself within the limits of American Chinatown. Curiously woven robes of silk or less, pretentious garments of cotton; shaven pols with their long scald pants, hanging almost to the wearer's heels; yellow faces lighted by small almond-shaped eyes, and the strange sing-song jargon of the multitude, gave assurance of a strong Eastern presence. Signs with odd, outlandish letters, reading from the top downwards; gaudy paper, balloon-shaped lanterns, for night had cast her sombre mantle over the scene, added to the effect at the same time giving a weird appearance to all surroundings, almost causing me to fancy myself in another land.

"Where is the Chinese Theatre?" I asked of a Teutonic bear-warder standing here in the very outskirts of Chinatown.

Bismarck started at me half curious, half surprised, and answered:

"Four floors above!"

Now, judging by the number I actually passed, I believe that Dutchnick looked upon all houses of Chinese occupancy as places of legitimate show. Indeed, I almost came to the same conclusion myself, as I went idly along staring into every little shop or den I passed on my way, jestling and jostled by these jolting Johns, who, though not "to the effect," were of the same pattern, and finished after the same pattern, as the Chinese player must cost a round sum, if we compare his outfit with our own standard; he may wear from the cheapest cotton gown to the most elaborately woven and embroidered silken robes, during one night's entertainment, many of the last exceedingly beautiful in design and texture.

Masks are not in use in the Celestial stage, but grotesque figures are painted on the artist's head and face. Some of them are so painted that I imagine they resemble nothing in this world or the world to come, certainly looking more like anything else than the human face divine, not even Chinese. One fellow's shaven skull was another's dragon-roarer. Oh! but then they are Buddhist—possibly some sceptic may suggest. Down comes "Well, why not?" Both have faith in the light of truth as revealed to them; one believes in the transformation of bodies, and the other in the transmigration of souls.

Gazing upon those of most strange and unnatural visage, I could well see myself in the mode of ghoul, dragon, or devil, and exclaim in wonder-stricken tones, like Banquo:

"What art thou?—A man or a goblin?"

That look not like the inhabitants of the earth."

What art thou?"

Their whole make-up is splendid, and we barbarians might well imitate in many respects.

Leading gentlemen of the flower nation are very great actors in their way—hurling, shrieking and shouting in a mattox equal to the style of our own higher tragic artists. This hall or passage is terminated by a flight of five steps, lead to a pair of rough wooden doors. Passing beyond these doors, if the spectator be so inclined, it will be an easy matter for him to whither away a happy or curious hour amidst the children of the "Flower Kingdom," or revel with them in scenes of fantasy and fiction of far Eastern climes, still more wondrous than those of famous Sheherazade. The doors stand wide open. Threading aside a mimic curtain, the only bar of violet from the street to the stage, the visitor finds himself face to face with those who claim to be loving subjects to the "Brother of the Sun." Perhaps the relationship will, in some measure, account for the broad, brown faces and small, twinkling eyes of his children. A little dried-up, wan-faced Oriental sits at the left-hand, back of the curtain-serpent, acting as both ticket agent and treasurer, taking the "four-tenths" or fifty cent coin, or admission fee. Certainly a very quiet, unostentatious manner of receiving the needed.

A now scene in the way of histronics bursts upon the "barbarian's" gaze. A motley crew of Chinamen; men of all classes and conditions, men of all sorts and sizes; men wearing long lails and short tails, over with tails, some dressed in silk and some in cotton; some, slippers, slip-shod or booted, "all-same," all sitting in an atmosphere reigned by the smoke of much bad tobacco, impregnated and perfumed with the smell of burned opium, congregated to witness the startling performance. Spectators laugh, talk, applaud, smoke, and eat at their ready dishes, or appetites may approve, whilst vendors of the desired confection go from bench to bench, occasionally giving tongue to their various wares, sounding to my untrained ear more like the cry of a beagle in chase of a rabbit than anything else that I know at this writing. Ping-pangs are not generally fashionable; consequently, never the very gentle reminder: "Please take your hat off, Sir."

The auditorium is small, capable of seating six or seven hundred persons, provided one or two hundred get tired or bored, and leave to make room for others. I did the second night. I left to make room for others. The management forgot to put horsehair springs to my seat, so I had too much of a good thing for once, and came away. Possibly they had a view to my ease when the place was finished, were afraid that I would become stage-struck, infatuated with their plays, and did this to my feelings. Gentle or simple sit upon long, high-backed cushioned benches, ranging from side to side, entirely void of pain or discomfort, except their action brothers hasten to essay the operatic rôle, with what success, I being no great musician, nor a Transplanted Mongolian. The musicians are placed on the players, between the doors of stage-entrance. Over their heads, against the rear wall, is a curious piece of Chinese ornamental painting, the only piece of decorative art in the house, from which, to say the least, is a pleasure to turn the wearied eyes. The audience are a jolly, industrious-looking set of fellows playing at absurd intervals through the whole exhibition. No danger of an audience going to sleep while they are about. The wily Eastern fiddlers sound all the time, accompanied by the beating of little drums, the clash of giant cymbals, and occasionally the shrill blare of wooden trumpets. Not only their action brothers hasten to essay the operatic rôle, with what success, I being no great musician, nor a Transplanted Mongolian. The musicians are placed on the players, between the doors of stage-entrance. Over their heads, against the rear wall, is a curious piece of Chinese ornamental painting, the only piece of decorative art in the house, from which, to say the least, is a pleasure to turn the wearied eyes. The audience are a jolly, industrious-looking set of fellows playing at absurd intervals through the whole exhibition. No danger of an audience going to sleep while they are about. The wily Eastern fiddlers sound all the time, accompanied by the beating of little drums, the clash of giant cymbals, and occasionally the shrill blare of wooden trumpets. Not only

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